my breast and scatter the other flow-

ers along the sheet. Then when he comes in you tell him that I found

this letter on the floor, and-mind that

I say on the floor-and that I gave one

In the meantime Mrs. Fenton had

pushed a chair to the side of the table

and prepared to mount, while she said

"Oh, Mary, I feel like some of the

people they write about-the Indian

girls that leap from precipices, singing

'Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing but the waves and I Can hear their ghostly murmurs sweep There, swan-like, let me sing and die."

Annie stepped to the table from the

chair preparatory to lying down and

assuming her corpselike position. Mary

gathered her skirts around her feet.

Mrs. Fenton had on a very pretty

white dress with much lace around the

waist. She prepared to "be dead," as

Jenny Wren calls it, when George, who

had got nearly all the soap out of his

eyes and off his face, stepped forward

to surprise his pretty wife, whom he

sincerely loved. But the strange words

and actions caused him to stop, listen

and look through a hole in the screen.

At first he thought of rushing out and

surprising her. But he didn't and stood

At last Mrs. Fenton managed to get

down to the table, and Mary adjusted

her head and the clothes about her

feet. Mrs. Fenton closed her eyes and

folded her hands across her breast;

then she was suddenly struck by a

"Mary, don't cover my face until just before you go to the door. Oh, I for-

got to loosen my hair! George likes

to see it so! And Mary, I do hope

"Well, ma'am, he ought to, but I

While this was being said and done

"By Jinks, this is getting interesting.

I'll help carry this thing out in fine

style. It is a joke that can cut two

ways. I'll slip out the back way and

ring the bell and come in, and I'll bet

a stack of little round silver dollars

she'll never play such a trick again."

And he took his gripsack and went

Mary continued arranging the corpse

and set all the chairs around the walls

as if for a funeral. Then the bell rang

suddenly and hard. Mary jumped.

"Hurry, quick; give me the powder

box!" And she put the powder on so

thickly that she did look very white.

"Now, Mary, cover my face careful-

ly so I won't sneeze. Now go and let

As she said this Mrs. Fenton sud-

denly began to quiver and lift her

knees under the sheet and sneezed

three times, while Mary was fairly

dancing with fear as the bell rang

At this minute George was at the

door and bounced in, laughing heart-

ily, while Mary looked too shocked for

words. He threw the bag down with

"So the old hen has kicked the buck-

et, hopped the twig, passed in her

checks and gone to kingdom come!

Well, I'm not going to cry over it

Mary remembered her instructions

George took the letter and read it.

"Yis, sor; she found it on the flure-

on the flure-yis, on the flure-and fell

"What spot?" asked George, looking

"Lor'. I don't know, sor," replied the

"Well, I don't care. Now, Mary, this

letter was written to her by a big lum-

mux of a galoot, and I wish he had

At this studied insult Mrs. Fenton lifted her head under the sheet. Mary

"I say, Mary," said George, "you are

a nice looking girl, and I know you

are tidy and a good cook. Now, what do you say to taking the old hen's

place. I've had my eye upon you for a

There was another subdued commo-

"Just as soon as she is planted, for

it would be an awful bother to break

up housekeeping, and you could have

all her clothes, her sealskin coat-andah-her table linen. (This last was

Annie's joy and pride.) Oh, say, I'li

have her cremated! I suppose there'll

be a coroner's inquest and an autopsy.

Yes, I'll have the autopsy, for she

swallowed a gold dollar once. And,

hair off. She won't need it where she's

back turned. He continued:

Mary stammered:

one, and I guess it's worth at least

"Well, it was a kind of sudden tak-

ing off. But then I save the expense

of a doctor's bill, and she was getting

"Laws! I wouldn't have gave her

"Oh, women have a way of fixing

At last Mary understood that Mrs.

"Ah, Mr. Fenton, won't you come to

girl, who was beginning to be rattled

with the turn affairs were taking.

only saw it and stifled a cry.

and with a tragic air handed him the

What was the matter with her?"

and pray he may repent after this."

don't see what he has done."

George said to himself:

out the back way.

Mrs. Fenton said:

She continued hurriedly:

again, this time furiously.

a slam as he shouted:

"This, sor!"

did on the spot."

married ber."

long time."

tion under the sheet.

laughing still harder.

about him curiously.

thought.

quite still, awaiting developments.

piercing shriek and fell dead."

the ragged letter.

their death songs.

plaintively:

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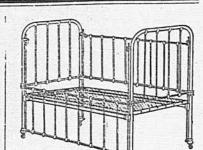
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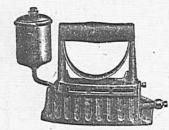
60 and 62 E. Russell Street.

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the estate of S. A. Livingston, deceased, are hereby required to prove their respective demands before the undersigned at North, S. C., on or before July 20, 1909, or be debarred payment. Executors. 5-15-4t\*

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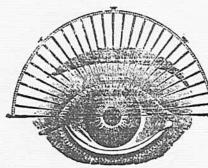
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free. Scoville Building, Over Orangeburg Bank.

By ARTHUR MAXWELL.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.] "Mary!" called Mrs. Fenton, the pretty, young, but rather jealously inclined wife of George Fenton. Mrs. Fenton was plainly angry and held in her hands a letter which showed signs of having been carried long in a pocket with tobacco and pencils.

"Yis, ma'am," answered Mary, coming to the door. This door led to the dining room, and it was from there that Mary came.

The little parlor of the tiny flat had another door which led to the bedroom and still another which gave out into the general hall. And Mary stood looking with surprise at her young mistress, for it was evident that she was laboring under some heavy

strain. "Mary, oh, Mary, just to think! I have found this letter in George's pocket, and I am heartbroken. I never thought he would do such a thing. He always pretended to love me so! And here she dissolved in tears.

"Oh, don't take on so! Now, beloike it wor somethin' he picked up in the strate to show you."

"Oh, every one told me not to marry a commercial traveler. Listen: 'My own lovey dovey. Your own ownest chicky wicky will wait at the gatey patey at 9. Don't forget your Dotty Dimple."

"Now, Mary, I am sure this letter is not an old one. I'll punish him! I'll put his love to a test that will show whether he loves me or Dotty Dimple best. Mary, I'll be dead when he

"Oh, Mrs. Fenton!" "Now, don't cry, Mary. I don't mean really dead, but I'm going to pretend

it, and you must help me."

Mrs. Fenton was very young. "I'll go and get out my old crape veil and tie it on the doorknob and get some flowers and all sort of things. When he comes bring him right in here. Lower the curtains, and I'll be laid out on the table, and you get outtwo of my best sheets and a pillow. We'll put these two tables together end for end, and I'll be laid out on them, and you pretend to cry. But you must put the flowers on first. Then watch him closely and tell me afterward what he does. His train will be here a quarter to 8, and we must hurry. You get the things ready while I am out."

Mary grumbled to herself that this was the foolishest thing her young mistress, who was so very emotional, ever did, and she did not at all like the idea of pretending to be dead. But "hers not to reason why," and she did as she was told.

Mrs. Fenton had gone out through the dining room and down the back stairs, while Mary went to the linen closet and looked for the "best sheets," and this took several minutes. Anyhow it took long enough for George Fenton to open the hall door with his pass key and come in quietly. He looked sleepy and as though a shave would do him good. His jolly face was wreathed in smiles, which faded slowly as he saw that his wife was not there. His cigar had gone out, and he yawned widely, saying:

"Now, where is Annie? Well, the game lasted until daylight, and I am in just \$600. Well, as she is not here I guess I'll take a nap and a shave.



"WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HER?" She's probably gone to market, and as she doesn't expect me on this train, why, I have half an hour anyhow."

Saying these words, George, the handsome; George, the best traveling Mary, get your scissors. I'll cut her salesman east of the Alleghenies; George, the inveterate poker player, took his gripsack and went quietly into the bedroom. There was a fearful and wonderful screen before this door, and one in that room could hear and see all that was taking place in the parlor, himself unseen.

It was not very long before George heard Mary in the parlor moving the along in years-yes, fifty if she was a tables, but he never interfered in the day." household matters, and indeed Annie was a famous housekeeper. His face was covered with lather besides. Then over twenty-two," Mary saw the fist he heard the door open and his wife that now protruded. George lighted a enter. He could not decently rush out cigar and continued: and kiss her until he had got the lather off his face, so he hastened the themselves up. Now, you wouldn't operation, but was suddenly checked believe it, but she had a cork leg!" by hearing his wife say:

"Now, hurry, Mary, and get the ta- Fenton wanted her to get him out of bles together over here by the window the room and said: and draw the curtains. I've tied the crape on the door. It is nearly time, the dinin' room and eat a bit of some- for .- Landor

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else, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a

keeps the wolf from the door.

tle and sure. Sold by A. C. Dukes, M. D., and A. C. Doyle & Co.

Mary. I will get up on the table and thin'? You haven't had your brikfast

He down, and then you cover the yit's sheet over me and lay the wreath on "N "No, Mary, I'm having too good a time in here. This is the first time I've ever smoked in my own parlor. I say, Mary, you are a nice girl. Get some whisky and bring it here. She would never let me have a drop in the house. If I had been all the repro-"I will, ma'am," said Mary, taking bates she called me- Well, Mary, you are a girl after my own heart." "Oh, Mr. Fenton, please don't talk

so. The missis"-"Is dead. Long may she stay so. Here, let me put this wreath on your

golden head, Mary." This George proceeded to do, and Mary nearly fainted. Mrs. Fenton, who had borne all she could, sat up, throwing off the sheet, flowers and all

and, weeping into one corner of the sheet, she cried: "Wretch! Villain! How dare you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I'll leave you this very hour, making fun of me and lying-yes, you did, you

did; you know you did!" With the powder on her face and her disheveled hair she looked very wild. He turned and said disgustedly:

"Ah, why didn't you stay dead?" "I never thought you could be so unfeeling. I thought you cared a little for me, and I wanted to teach you a



"WRETCH! VILLAIN! HOW DARE YOU?" lesson. Mary, come here and take out my teeth-if you can. Both my legs are cork, since I was born in Cork. You hateful thing, wanting to get married again before I was cold! Mary, I give you warning. You are a bold, bad thing! Bring me my things. I'll go home to my mother."

"Mary." said George seriouşly, "bring a damp towel to wipe off this powder. Listen, Annie. I was on to this from the first. I am heartbroken." As he said these words George threw himself flat on the floor, sobbing aloud: "You might have killed me with the shock, Annie. I hastened home, counting the hours. I came home while you were out, and I went into the bedroom to shave so you would not be disgusted with my rough face. I heard the whole plot. How could you treat an adoring husband like that-so cruelly? Oh, Annie!"

"But-I found a letter"-

"I picked that up in the street-an to-do some figuring. You will find figures on it. But, oh, Annie! Your lack of confidence"-

"Oh, George, forgive me! Of coursebut I didn't see any figures on it, and, oh, do say you forgive me, George! I am so unhappy."

"I will, Annie, I will, but don't ever doubt me again."

As George took his repentent young wife in his arms she turned and said: "Mary, you are to stay. George, you are an angel to forgive me so, and you may smoke where you please, and, oh, I'll go and fix my hair."

"Better Dead."

A Massachusetts farmer sent a large black hen to his married daughter, who lives in Springfield and who wished to keep this present as a pet. Upon the arrival of the fowl it was immediarely placed in a coop which chanced to be within sight of the street.

It wasn't long before a neighbor,

passing by, said: "Got a hen, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the new owner. "Nice black one, isn't it?"

"Yes." This neighbor was almost iromediately followed by another, who made the customary observation: "Why, you have a hen!"

"Yes. "Just one?"

"Yes." "Coal black hen, isn't it?"

"Yes."

\$25. And, Mary, you take out her An intermission of a few minutes teeth. They cost \$35. And then the sheet quivered again. But he kept his then another neighbor: "Well, I do declare, you have a"-

"Mary," called out the lady of the house, "kill the hen for dinner!"-Lippincott's.

Getting Ready.

"George, brush up all of the revolv ers in stock." "Yes, sir." "And put a display of them in the

front window.' "What's the occasion?" "There is to be a peace conference in

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faults than little men can afford room

For mild easy action of the bow-

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